We arrived in the afternoon, and having lunched at the little wayside station we found that the dak bungalow where we would sleep was actually the beautiful mosque belonging to the great mausoleum. So we slept beneath the shadow of the great dome, between it and us only the water tank of the mosque, alas now empty, and its central fountain silent, as the rest of this city of desolation.

Shall I ever forget it ? Going out into the darkness after dinner in the mosque, where our voices echoed round its walls to the vaulted roof, where the lamps were placed in the niches of the mehrab, and the old Mahommedan khansamah spoke in weird sepulchral tones, and feeling more than seeing, that gigantic memorial of human frailty towering over us. It told of a man who realised how short his day must be, who desired above all things an immortal name on earth. Had he pondered unsatisfied on the problems of the after life ?

Late in the evening we had climbed into the whispering gallery of the dome, and look-

ing over the low parapet, as one might look down from the topmost gallery of the Albert Hall, had seen the last rays of sunlight fall on

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